HUMANITY:

A

POEM.

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Humbly Inſcribed to the

MOST HONOURABLE

THE

M—rq—ſs of *Gr—by*.

———ἐγὼ σὲ φήμι δεῖν, ὅσον χρόνον
Εἶ κύριος, χρῆσθαί σε γενναίως, πάτερ,
Αὐτὸν ἐπικερεῖν πᾶσιν, εὐπόρους ποιεῖν,
Ὡς ἂν δύνῃ πλείστους διὰ σαύτοῦ· τοῦτο γὰρ
Ἀθάνατόν ἐστι.———————MENANDER.

By a GENTLEMAN of Eighteen Years of Age, late of *Eton* College.

LONDON:

Printed for R. BALDWIN, jun. at the *Roſe* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

MDCCLI.

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THE

M——rq——s of G——y.

——ipsa se quæ illum, oculis juventam
Et augios, agrestes et pecuniosos, ferunt,
Autor fuisse videtur, tortque omnia,
Ita ut illum arbitrentur ita esse, vere pro
Absente ipse ——MENANDER.

By a GENTLEMAN of Eighteen Years of Age, late of Eton College.

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MDCCLL.

HUMANITY.

BEGIN, my youthful Muse, in humble Verse,
And in due meritorious Praise rehearse
A Virtue, whose demanding Pow'rs excite
Man's Admiration, and his Lays invite,
Since Charms in her divinely fair unite.

O blest Humanity! in thee we find
The richest Treasure that adorns the Mind;
Happy's the Man who feels thy tender Care,
By thee advanc'd immortal Fame to share.

Victors

Victors may triumph and extend their Arms,
And fill the trembling World with dire Alarms;
Proudly may lord it o'er the conquer'd Foe,
And in their Actions all the Tyrant ſhow;
May, threatning, gratify each ſenſual Luſt,
And, arm'd with Pow'r, indulge their brutiſh Guſt;
Nations may bow at their imperious Nod,
And pay them all the Honours of a God.
Will ſuch-like Empire eternize their Name?
Will ſavage Conqueſts gain a virtuous Fame?
Since Nature's Inſtinct guides the brutal Kind,
And leads to Feirceneſs; whilſt the human Mind
Is nobly bleſs'd with REASON, to debar
And quell thoſe Paſſions that againſt it jar,
And of themſelves maintain a one continu'd War.

Alas! how oft is this bleſs'd Gift of Heav'n
In vain t' ingrateful, worthleſs Mortals giv'n!

Guided

Guided by her, we feel no jarring Strife,
And paſs ſecurely thro' this Maze of Life.
O would but Man her Laws divine embrace,
And from his Breaſt inhuman Actions chace:
Wou'd he her beaut'ous Mind impartial ſcan,
Man wou'd forget t' oppreſs and injure Man.
REASON's the bliſsful Spring and ſacred Root;
From which ten thouſand virtuous Branches ſhoot,
The grand Diſtinction plac'd 'twixt Man and Brute.

Modell'd by NATURE's Frame for mutual Love,
And highly plac'd in Station far above
The ſavage Herd, impetuous Man repels
His innate Good, with greater Fury ſwells
Than Beaſts themſelves, to act injurious Ill,
And with Oppreſſion ev'ry Object fill.
E'en Brutes ſometimes depoſe their pow'rful Rage,
And, free from Hunger, all their Ire aſſwage;

More

More gentle grown, of Prey desist their Quest,
Reclin'd at Ease in peaceful Caverns rest.
The fearful Trav'ler unmolested strays,
Unhurt, amidst the Forest's pathless Ways;
The bleating Lambs now wander o'er the Hills,
And seek the cooling Streams of murm'ring Rills,
Safe and untouch'd explore the distant Plain,
Securely leave the Shepherd's tuneful Strain;
Whilst Wolves and Tygers, satiated with Food,
A while forbear t' alarm the silent Wood.

Behold now MAN: Whose Passions fierce recoil,
And all th' Attempts of sacred REASON foil.
Like as the tow'ring Flames, with Rage and Fume,
Whate'er oppose their rav'nous Force, consume;
Man such unbounded savage Fierceness shows,
Whose fiery Breast with raging Tumult glows;

Injurious

Injurious Actions ſtrangely cruel pleaſe
Relentleſs Man, tho' bleſs'd with plenteous Eaſe;
Who, when dependent on himſelf alone,
Bleſs'd with a thouſand fertile Lands his own;
Far from the Sting of all penurious Cares,
Too oft a ſavage Diſpoſition wears.
Thus Man by Fortune's Gifts for Bliſs deſign'd,
With Wrongs inceſſant injures human Kind,
Whilſt Brutes from Rage an Intermiſſion find.

But whither wou'd my glowing Thoughts aſpire?
Or why my Soul, indignant, burn with Ire?
O Stay, my gentle MUSE, thy rapid Wing,
And fill my Breaſt with fervent Heat to ſing
Divine HUMANITY: Forbear to name,
Tho' but in Satire, the inglorious Fame
Of Men who triumph in Exceſs of Wrong,
In whom ſo many brutal Habits throng:

Let rather thoſe receive the MUSE's Lays,
Who duly merit tributary Praiſe.

As when the glitt'ring SUN from Eaſtern Hills,
With genial Heat the World enlivened fills,
The whole Creation waits th' approaching Light,
Whoſe Rays diſpel the gloomy Shades of Night.
Nature ſeems wanting in her better Part,
Till grac'd with PHOEBUS, all appear alert.
O what a glorious Symmetry unites,
And in one gen'ral Compound forms Delights,
When beaut'ous SOL emits, in radiant Streams
Of dazling Light, his ſalutary Beams.
The wanton Beaſts thro' verdant Meadows play,
And lowing welcome the impending Day;
The flutt'ring Birds no longer ſeek their Reſt,
And, rais'd by Light, now quit the ſilent Neſt,

Mount

Mount up in Air with dulcet warbling Throats,
And ſweetly echo ſoft melodious Notes.
The Peaſants haſte to view their fleecy Care,
Or to manure the ſteril Fields repair;
Bright Day awakes from Night's lethargick Bed,
And heavy Dulneſs from its Face is fled;
The SUN with potent Rays now gilds the Earth,
And gives variegated Flow'rs a Birth,
With vivid Heat aſſiſts the riſing Corn,
Prepares for lab'ring Hinds a plenteous Horn;
His gen'rous Gifts, his all-providing Care,
Cauſe pregnant Earth her various Fruits to bear.

With ſuch tranſcendent Joys and Bliſs divine,
With gentle Mildneſs, and with Soul benign,
The humane MAN directs his daily Courſe
T'aſſiſt Mankind, and plants himſelf the Source,

From whom ſo many candid Succours riſe,
Whoſe gen'rous Produce reaches e'en the Skies:
Bleſſings reſulting from his tender Mind,
The Young, the Old, without Diſtinction find,
Tho' plung'd in Grief, the drooping Soul can live,
And reaſſume briſk Action, and revive;
Can flouriſh, tho' immers'd in ſordid Grief,
And from th' acuteſt Mis'ry find Relief;
Can joyous Moments, fervent Raptures ſhare,
Who happy feels his nutrimental Care.
He, like the SUN, diffuſes all around
Joys to Mankind; and when ſome tort'ring Wound
Of griping Want corrodes th' afflicted Breaſt,
The Soul in him receives a balmy Reſt:
Lull'd by his Gifts, with joyous Tranſports glad,
Can ſcarce remember that it once was ſad.

Like as ſome Bird which, long confin'd, eſcapes,
His rapid Flight to ſilent Woodlands takes,
There to partake of Freedom's bliſsful Sweets,
Once more to enjoy the Woods umbrageous Seats;
Now bounds from Tree to Tree with flutt'ring Wings,
There, unconfin'd to narrow Limits, ſings;
Joyous emits all round enrapt'ring Charms,
And with his Notes th' attentive Ear alarms:
The fetter'd Soul by rigid Fate depreſs'd,
With poignant Strokes of gloomy Care poſſeſs'd;
Thus, when releas'd, exults in endleſs Joy,
Oppreſſive Griefs no more its Peace annoy;
Soars uncontroul'd on Fancy's ductile Wing,
And leaves behind WANT's agonizing Sting.

Let due Returns, let grateful Praiſes riſe,
And reach the higheſt Summit of the Skies;

Since

Since in the Crowd of jarring Men we find
Some happy few t' enjoy a humane Mind:
'Mongst whom there's ONE, the Muse presumes to sing,
And worthy Honours due to Merit bring.

Rouze up, my Soul, ye NINE, inspire my Lays,
Let the wide World resound with GR—BY's Praise;
Let his bright Fame extend from Pole to Pole,
And his Example change th' inhuman Soul;
His noble Deeds proclaim his mighty Race,
Nor will his Acts his high-born Line disgrace;
Men great and good his antique Lineage head,
And them an Offspring truly great succeed.

In him HUMANITY has ta'en her Rest,
And finds Reception in his gen'rous Breast;
Her Pow'r abates the Tide of brutal Rage,
Her conqu'ring Charms its rapid Force asswage:

No

No ſavage Paſſions can her Eaſe annoy,
No cruel Vice will her bleſs'd State enjoy,
Fixt deep in him, unmov'd, ſhe bears the Sway.
Thus happy he, enrich'd with num'rous Stores,
(Whoſe Godlike Bounty all Mankind adores,)
Benignly what kind Fate has giv'n beſtows,
Which Man t'aſſiſt in fertile Channels flows.
Like as a Fountain its clear Stream diſtils,
Drawn from the Root of ſome high tow'ring Hills,
And all th' extenſive Plains with verdant Plenty fills.

F I N I S.

No foreign Fashions can her Land annoy,
No cruel Vice will her blest State enjoy,
Not deep in him, rumour'd, the bears the Sway,
Thus happy he, cancel'd with unknown Cares,
(While credible Fortuny at Mentland adores,)
Benignly what kind Fate has given before,
Which Man is Title in Gentile Channels flows,
Like as a Fountain in clear Stream distils,
Drawn from the Foot of long high towering Hills,
And all th' cascade Prime with everlasting Fortuny fills.

F I N I S.